MEMORIAL

OF

J. ADDISON ALEXANDER, D.D.

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Memorial

OF

J. ADDISON ALEXANDER, D.D.

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The following Brief Memorial has been prepared merely to supply a present demand, until a more full and extended Memoir (which no doubt will be prepared) is published.

MEMORIAL

OF

JOSEPH ADDISON ALEXANDER, D.D.

The Rev. Joseph Addison Alexander, D.D., who departed this life at Princeton, New Jersey, on Saturday, January 28, 1860, was the third son of the late Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander, and a grandson of the Rev. James Waddell, of Virginia, the famous blind preacher, immortalized by Wirt in the *British Spy*. He was born in Philadelphia, on the 24th of April, 1809, and graduated at Princeton in 1826, with valedictorian honours—a great achievement for a youth of seventeen years.

The following account of his last illness was furnished to the Editors of the *Presby-*

terian, at their request, by the Rev. Dr. A. T. McGill, one of the respected colleagues of Dr. Alexander.

"The death of our illustrious and beloved Professor, Dr. Alexander, has been so astounding that it is difficult as yet to give you the details in any thing like a full and orderly narrative. His disease was *Diabetes*. This fact will at once account for that marvellous decline of flesh and premature look of old age, which his friends noticed with so much concern for more than a year past. And yet, owing to the peculiarly retiring habits and remarkable delicacy of the man, and to the extraordinary indifference with which he treated his physical nature and all hygienic science, many of his nearest friends, and among these his own colleagues, did not know of this disease till the day of his death. It now appears that the hemorrhage which startled us two months ago, and several other things, conjectured to be his ailment, were all symp-

tomatic of the dreadful malady which has done its work on his noble frame.

"His gigantic mind was in full vigour until the day preceding his death. On the morning of that day he was occupied with his usual course of polyglot reading in the Bible, being accustomed to read the Scriptures in some six different languages as part of his daily devotions. He seems also to have entertained himself during some part of the day with one of the Greek classics, Herodotus, as a pencil mark on the margin, "January 27, 1860," is said to show. In the afternoon of that day he rode out in the open air, for the first time since his attack of hemorrhage. During that ride, however, which was not continued more than forty-five minutes, a sudden sinking of life came on him, so much so that he was borne almost entirely by the help of others from the carriage to his chamber. This sinking continued all Fri-

day night, and on Saturday he was hardly conscious of any thing until he died, which was about half-past three o'clock, P. M. His death was perfectly calm, without a struggle, without one heaving breath. He died in his study.

"During the whole confinement from his sickness, about two months, he was cheerful and happy; seeming to regret nothing but his inability for the ordinary duties of his chair in the Seminary. He occasionally expressed a fear that he was not sufficiently chastened in feeling by the affliction upon him. When dissuaded from severer studies, he seemed to find pleasure in committing hymns to memory, and humming them in his study; and these the most simple that could be found, to breathe the child-like trust, with which his heart was leaning on the Saviour. Instead of chanting in Greek the ancient hymn of Clemens Alexandrinus, or any other lyric, which a scholar like himself might be sup-

posed to prefer, his favourite hymn was the following:

Just as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within and fears without—
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind:
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in *Thee* to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—thy love unknown,
Has broken every barrier down:
Now to be thine, yea, *thine alone*,
O Lamb of God, I come.

"Full of touching kindness towards all his colleagues, he seemed, if possible, to take a deeper place than ever in their love, as he approached his end; and brilliant as his whole career in teaching sacred literature had been, he never probably impressed his pupils with more effect and delight than he did this session. He said at the beginning of it that he had never entered on a Seminary term with so much pleasure and alacrity—speaking of the change made in his title and duties by the last General Assembly."

ADDRESS TO THE STUDENTS.

At the usual conference in the Theological Seminary on the Sabbath afternoon preceding the funeral, the Rev. Charles Hodge, D. D., the senior Professor in the Seminary, made some very interesting statements to the students.

The verse appointed for the conference was from the Psalms—"The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice"—and was, of course, strikingly appropriate. Dr. Hodge attempted to read a chapter, but he had only pronounced the words—"Let not your hearts be troubled"—when, overcome by his feelings, he was obliged to hand the Bible to Dr. Green, who finished reading it. Recovering himself after a short time, Dr. Hodge said that, as we were to-day like a bereaved family circle, it might be well to talk for a little about the departed one.

He then said that Dr. Alexander was not four years old when he came to Princeton with his father, in 1812, and has lived here

ever since. All his education was conducted in Princeton, and though nominally he had teachers, yet he was a self-educated man, more than any one I ever knew. His father let him study what he pleased, knowing that he would not waste his time for a moment.

When twelve years old he took down an Arabic Grammar, which he studied, and at fourteen had read through the whole of the Koran in Arabic. He then took up Persian, and afterwards, while quite a lad, studied Hebrew, Syriac, and Chaldee. These he mastered without aid. Latin and Greek he pursued in the ordinary course of instruction at college. The modern languages next occupied his attention. They were as mere playthings to him. There was not a modern language with which he was not familiar—Danish, Spanish, French, Italian, &c. Commonly this faculty of acquiring languages stands alone; but Dr. Alexander was also a philosophical philologian, and made Comparative Philology a special study. The chief thing that stimulated him in the acquisition of so many languages was their literature, or belles lettres. His store of antiquarian, historic, and biblical knowledge was

wonderful. His memory was tenacious of every thing—ideas, words, &c.

As a remarkable instance of his tenacity of words, Dr. Hodge related the following:—At the beginning of the term forty or fifty students are generally matriculated without regard to the order of their names. It has often happened that on the next day Dr. Alexander would be in my study, and having occasion to see the names of the students, I would ask him for a list, when he would go up to the desk, and merely from having heard them on the previous day, would write down in the order of their matriculation the exact name of each, even to the middle letter, and also their classes. His knowledge was most comprehensive—when he took up a subject he examined it in all its bearings, even to the most remote circumstances, which would never occur to an ordinary mind.

In the powers of logic he was equally distinguished. His imagination was wonderfully vigorous and fertile. His sermons in this respect were truly magnificent. He was a perfect master of style, both in the copiousness of his vocabulary and in the felicity of his expres-

sion. I have often sat and listened to him, keeping my mind simply on the style, and it was perfectly charming.

In all my intercourse with men, though it has not been limited, continued Dr. Hodge, both in this country and Europe, I never met with one having such a combination of wonderful gifts. The grace of God most to be admired was that, though of necessity perfectly familiar with all the forms of error held by the enemies of the truth, and especially the most insidious one of criticism, he had a most simple, child-like faith in the Scriptures, and the deepest reverence for the word of God. Above all, his crowning glory was his spirituality and devoted piety. We cannot properly estimate our loss till we think of what he was, and what he would have been; for he was only fifty-two years old, and the next ten years is the best period of such a man's life.

THE FUNERAL.

The funeral took place on Tuesday, January 31st, and was attended by a very large concourse of friends and of distinguished gentlemen.

Shortly before the procession left the Theological Seminary, the remains were conveyed to the chapel, where the coffin was opened, and the Students were permitted to take a last look upon the face of him whom they had so much honoured and revered, and whose rich and eloquent utterances they were to hear on earth no more.

At two o'clock the procession, composed of the Professors, Trustees, and Directors of the Seminary, the Professors of the College, and a number of clergymen and other friends, left the house so long known as the residence of the Alexanders, and

were joined at the gate by the Students of the Seminary, and such of the Alumni as, being settled in the vicinity, were able to be present. It may with truth be said, that in that long and solemn train all were mourners. The bier was borne to and from the hearse by six of the students; the stores were closed along the route of the procession; and on reaching the church, that edifice, with the exception of the middle block of pews, which had been reserved, was already thronged.

The funeral services were held in the First Presbyterian Church, Princeton, New Jersey. The Rev. Dr. McDonald, pastor of the church, opened the services with a hymn and an appropriate portion of Scripture. The Rev. Dr. Spring of New York offered the first prayer. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. John Hall, of Trenton, New Jersey.

FUNERAL SERMON.

Come, and let us return unto the Lord; for he hath torn, and he will heal us; he hath smitten, and he will bind us up.—HOSEA vi. 1.

Let us not forget, my brethren, that we are here to-day as a Christian people; men who profess to walk by faith, and not by sight; ministers and disciples of the New Testament; followers of Him who brought life and immortality to light by his gospel—a dying, but risen and reigning Lord. Let our grief be manly; let it be Christian; such as becomes the associations of this sacred house; such as becomes the departed.

There is but one position which we can consistently take; the one which, from the beginning, the patriarchal saints were taught to take; which the very instinct of the most infantile stage of faith has taught believers to take; that which speaks in such simple, child-like terms as, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good." "I was dumb; I opened not my mouth, because thou didst it." "What! shall we receive good at the hand of

God, and shall we not receive evil?" "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." "The Lord hath torn; he hath smitten." "The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge."

We cannot improve upon these doctrines, or upon the inspired expression of them. The Lord Jesus himself only gave them the direction of prayer when he enjoined upon us to say, "Our Father, thy will be done on earth;" or permitted us to hear himself say, "O! my Father, not as I will, but as thou wilt!" "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?"

Let not the world look upon us and have occasion to say that our sorrow is like theirs. Let us not gather around our departed friends as if they were *dead*, when Christ says they only *sleep*. Let us not act and speak, or feel as if the grave were the end of hope for those who die in the Lord; as if we did not believe that as Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.

No! no! brethren and friends! we come

not here to-day to be silent in astonishment, or to speak of an inscrutable Providence; to stand aghast at a mystery, or to tremble in fear before our Father and Redeemer. We come with praises and blessings! We come to render thanks for the great goodness of our Divine Head in remembering his Church, and in continuing, so long after apostolic days, the gifts purchased by his blood, unceasingly obtained, according to the time of need, by his intercession; the gifts of such men as the three Alexanders, and of such endowments as have made them, and will continue to make them blessings to the world.

It were, indeed, a disgraceful ingratitude should we permit the sense of our personal loss, or our regret for the termination of such immediately active services, to hide from our view what has been already accomplished by the instrumentality of such eminent servants of the Lord, or to forget how little death can do to stay their usefulness. That God should bestow such gifts at all—that he should continue them so long—should so arrange and adapt the circumstances of their lives, their

special studies, their peculiar talents, their diversified traits of character—these should be the prominent subjects of our reflection and acknowledgment, when we see that their work is done, rather than such views as only constrain us to painful efforts to repress our complaint that the work of such should end at all.

It is, indeed, but six months this day since the mortal fellowship was dissolved between the two brothers who, like Simon and Andrew, James and John, in the Apostleship, had served Christ in such unity of spirit and diversity of gifts. Still shorter is the interval since another of the servants of Christ, [Professor Hope,] strongly identified with the missions, ministry, and education of the Church, has been removed from this spot. But the more and the richer the blessings that we lose, the more deeply should we feel how rich we have been, from whom we have received, and how unworthy of the gift.

Look for a moment at what the merest sketch of the career and character of the beloved friend and brother whose face has

just been hid from us will disclose as to our duty under this new event.

Born in Philadelphia, April 24, 1809—removed in infancy to Princeton—graduating here in 1826—associated for a time in the headship of the Edgehill School—an assistant Professor of Languages in the College from 1830 to 1833—then spending a year abroad, chiefly in study at Halle and Berlin—he re-returned to complete his theological course where it had begun in 1830, under the private direction of his eminent father. But several years before his licensure he began to assist in the instructions of the Theological Seminary, in the department of Languages, and in 1835 was even elected by the General Assembly Associate Professor of Oriental and Biblical Literature. But although he consented to perform the duties thus assigned to him, his formal acceptance of the chair was not reported to the Assembly until the eventful sessions of 1838. He was licensed by the Presbytery of New Brunswick as a probationer for the ministry April 25, 1838, and preached his first three sermons May 27, 1838, in the First Church of Elizabethtown. [The texts

were John iii. 36; Micah iv. 1—5; Heb. xi. 8—10.] He was ordained by his Presbytery April 24, 1839. Dr. Alexander was transferred by the Assembly of 1851 to the department of Biblical and Ecclesiastical History, and by the Assembly of 1859 his Professorship was entitled that of Hellenistic and New Testament Literature.

Twenty-five full years have thus been given by him to the service of the Church in the Seminary. And who can adequately estimate the work accomplished by him in that period? The mere time is no standard; for the persevering, incessant character of his habits as a student, scarcely knowing the ordinary relaxations of bodily exercise or social intercourse, his powers of application not seeming to require the intervals of rest which the nature of men, in general, demand; with a memory of extraordinary quickness and capacity to retain and to yield its acquirements; with the zeal of an enthusiastic scholar for all the learning that lay in the compass of his great subjects—those twenty-five years were a good century for common men.

And let it be remembered that the mine on

which this great labour was expended was the word of God. The acquisition of the biblical and cognate languages was begun by him in boyhood. He had read the entire Arabic Koran at the age of fourteen. To the interpretation of the Scriptures all his learning was directed. The Bible—the Bible was always open before him, and this not only for the immediate demands of the class-room, but for an extended and thorough research beyond all that he should ever need as an instructor. He committed to memory whole books of the original, and of our version. Down to the day of his death he maintained the habit of daily reading a number of versions. Neither his lectures nor studies were simply professional; and the secret of the absorbing toil of his study, and the attractiveness of his prelections in the class, was the unsatisfied longing of his own mind and his own soul to know the revealed truth of God.

To assist for twenty-five years in training a ministry in the study of the Scriptures; to put thousands of educated minds on the right track of that Divine pursuit—as it demands the highest order of qualifications, both moral

and intellectual, in the teacher, so it sends out its results to an incalculable multiplication. But to this are to be added the fruits of his exegetical researches as given to the world in those permanent commentaries and critical writings, to which his decease will only give greater value and larger currency.

Nor was he all this time the hidden recluse —the mere class-room teacher. It would be a cause of unceasing gratitude if he had only been endowed with such extraordinary capacities for teaching and for writing, with such a wonderful gift of tongues to interpret, simply, and communicate his knowledge by lectures and books in language of such purity, clearness, and beauty. But the Spirit gave him the utterance of the oral *preacher*, and the love of preaching. What multitudes have heard his eloquence! And yet how evidently did that eloquence consist in no artificial forms, no reliance upon (I might say no use of) gesture, manner, or whatever is meant by the prescriptions of "Sacred Rhetoric," but in the earnest power of presenting the most essential and practical doctrine. His was biblical preaching, from a textual, exposi-

tory foundation; and the occasional magnificence of his language, and splendid imagery of his imagination, uttered with a voice naturally impassioned beyond what art can do, were just such as the poetry of the Psalms, and prophecies and parables throws around the communications of inspired truth.

And shall not these qualifications, and these uses of them, and these prospective benefits of what are no ephemeral qualities turn our hearts to God with praises even on this day of our natural sorrow? O yes! that voice will not again be heard; that hand will not trace another line; that wonderful head will no more teem with its unwearied, unsatisfied toil for learning and for teaching; but let every temptation to yield one moment of our weakness to complaint or dismay, be at once repelled by the grateful thought that we ever had him—that we had him so long!

It is alike foreign to the religious object I wish to keep in view, as it is beyond the range of my capacity to attempt to introduce any anlaysis of the peculiar characteristics of Addison Alexander's intellect, or his special position as a scholar, whether biblical, or in general

literature, or in any other department of his great accomplishments. His library—where he lived, and where, by a happy though unexpected coincidence, he died—shows that every department of literature was embraced in his reading; and his miscellaneous writings, and even his biblical works are full of proofs how rich his memory was in facts and characters that are commonly regarded as lying beyond —if not the taste—the reach of a student devoted to the severer and more recondite learning. His wit and humour, his fine literary taste, his historical and biographical knowledge, his fluent, skilful composition, (including even a genius for poetry,) in short, all that indicates the highly educated and refined mind, would have distinguished him in the world of letters, though he had never learned to make the word of God the paramount subject of his mind.

This choice, and the mode in which he followed it till his dying day, might well indicate a heart that God had touched, and which, therefore, would not be found wanting in corresponding graces of the renewing and sanctifying Spirit.

I wish it were better known what he was as a man; I may add, I wish he had *let* himself be better known. But it was a striking peculiarity—perhaps a morbid one, certainly a somewhat contradictory one—of his character, that, with a natural disposition the most genial, the most communicative, tender and affectionate, there was combined a certain reserve which he could not always, and with all persons, throw off. But he who loved children, who studied to amuse them, who could gambol with them, who would use his pen for their diversion; he who loved to be unknown in a company of strangers, and find entertainment in observing their habits, and listening to their conversation; who found his recreation in the bustle of a city, and would prefer the noisiest accommodations where to carry on his most absorbing writing; such a man had no misanthrophy, such a man was not *cold*. There is many a family besides his own who can bear witness what a cheerful inmate he was, and how the delightful flow of his conversation would animate the circle, when he felt himself at home, and found that

he was not approached with some prepossession that his conscious superiority, or his disinclination to social freedom, made him averse to society.

He was a loving son, and brother, and friend; none the less so because he did not regard the demonstrations of ardent professions and emphatic protestations. The present scene must remind many of us that when he sat here on the 24th of October, 1851, at the funeral service of his father, he burst into the uncontrollable sobbing of a child. He loved his associates in the Faculties of the Seminary and College. He loved his pupils, and however little he may have *said*, took pride in their progress, and felt a deep interest in their welfare. In one of my latest interviews he detailed with great satisfaction several ingenious interpretations of obscure passages he had received from them. He could not, indeed, patiently brook habits so foreign to his own as want of interest and industry in the great studies of the Seminary; he could not pretend an approbation which he did not feel for inconsistency or unworthy conduct in any class of men; but the humblest mind that showed sin-

cerity, devotedness, docility—every pure, ingenuous character was sure to have his affection.

This aversion to mere demonstration may have also concealed some of the marks of experimental piety, too much relied upon in our busy age. But here, too, there are witnesses, not a few, who know how his heart turned from the high learning, the intellectual pride of religion, and softened under the evidence of an humble, spiritual mind. His daily, hourly study of the Bible was no bare intellectual professional occupation for him. It was love for Christ, love for his words, a conscious personal relationship to him as his own Lord, his own Mediator, the Redeemer of his own soul, that gave the main zest to his unwearying studies of the Scripture, and made them in the highest sense a subjective matter for his meditations. His studies were devout. His last days beautifully exemplified this. When his weakness incapacitated him for his usual studies he spent much of his time in committing and repeating hymns. And what class of hymns did the great scholar select as most congenial to his taste—his heart? Some

ancient choral in a foreign tongue? Something above the common tone of sentiment? I will mention one which he was frequently heard to repeat with the most animated pleasure.

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O! Lamb of God, I come!"

And so on down to the last stanza:

"Just as I am—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O! Lamb of God, I come!"

And perhaps, under the circumstances, still more significant, he committed and repeated this hymn of Charles Wesley's:

"Come, let us anew our journey pursue,
With vigour arise,
And pass to our permanent place in the skies.
Of heavenly birth, though wandering on earth,
This is not our place,
But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.

"At Jesus' call we gave up our all,
And still we forego
For Jesus' sake our enjoyments below.

No longing we find for the country behind,
But onward we move,
And still we are seeking a country above.

"A country of joy without any alloy,
We thither repair,
Our hearts and our treasures already are there;
We march hand in hand to Immanuel's land,
No matter what cheer
We meet with on earth, for eternity's here.

"The rougher the way, the shorter our stay;
The tempests that rise
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies.
The fiercer the blast the sooner 'tis past,
The troubles that come
Shall come to our rescue and hasten us home."

We need ask no more than this in reference to the state of his mind when the time of his departure was at hand. Yet let it be known that he never seemed to suppose that his illness would be fatal. The day before his decease he rode out and expressed some confidence that he would recover his strength. It was his mind, adverting, in an interval of incapacity for his usual studies, to what he habitually employed in spiritual recreation

and devotion, that we thus discover. This confiding, rejoicing, triumphant frame of mind, cherished in the secluded quietness of his sick room, uttered in these rude but earnest lines, reveal more than many words spoken in the presence of listening and admiring friends. But if we would like to be assured that there was no unwelcome nor unprepared for change in the rapid manner in which his strength failed in the last twenty-four hours, so as to preclude the opportunity of a fuller expression of his heart in the direct view of death, we may have his own emphatic testimony. Meeting in a recent publication with a statement of the remarks of the celebrated Whitefield in allusion to his own death, he was much impressed with one sentence, spoke of it, and marked it in the book. That sentence was, "I shall die *silent*." And by this we understand no determination or choice of his as to the suppression of his feelings, but more probably a prophetic intimation that just such a gentle, gradual sinking away of his mortality as actually took place seemed to him at the moment likely to be the manner of his exit.

But while we ask for no death-bed confirmation of the reality of the faith and hope of such a man as we knew him to be in his life, in his devotions, and in the divine manifestations which accompanied and crowned his work in the Church, I shall never cease to regret that I did not comply with a request he made of me some nine days before his death, when asking me to supply his turn in the chapel last Sabbath week, he said, "Can you come and preach one sermon, say a word or two at conference (in the Oratory), and spend the rest of the time in a *pastoral visit* to one who, though he can scarcely realize his invalidity or justify his own inaction, is a prisoner by medical authority, to which he passively submits as to a higher ordinance than that of man." I was struck at the time with the probable significance of the request for a pastoral visit, but the accompanying expressions in regard to his health prevented any immediate apprehensions, and seemed to justify my request for a short delay in going to him. What he might have communicated would doubtless have contributed greatly to our comfort and edification, but could scarcely have changed

the impression which his life now makes upon us, though he died silent.

Come, then, my brethren, "let us return unto the Lord." Bereaved kindred, bereaved pupils, bereaved fellow-teachers, O, bereaved *Church!* (called three times in six short months in this one spot to devout lamentation over distinguished sons,) "Come, let us return unto the Lord; if he hath torn and smitten," it is to wither our pride, to make us cease from man, to chide our ingratitude, to teach us to have direct dependence on himself, to tempt our faith, to try our love, to impel us to fresh zeal.

Let us return with contrition; with full submission; with praises for his amazing goodness to his Church, and for our participation in it; with a more total, unselfish, hearty consecration of our poor selves as a living sacrifice.

Then he will heal us; then he will bind us up. He will give us of the consolations of his Spirit. He will not permit his cause to suffer for the want of adequate instrumentality. He will manifest himself more immediately and effectually when he has withdrawn

the strongest and best of his servants. And so, while our very hearts break under our sense of loss as we bow over these graves, we will more than ever rejoice in the Lord and joy in the God of our salvation; to whom be the praise, and the glory, and the kingdom for ever through Jesus Christ. Amen.

A better discourse for the occasion could not be imagined. It was all the immense congregation of cultivated men, bowed with grief, and yearning for comfort, could ask. All were edified with the discriminating and just delineation of the deceased. No one was disappointed, and this is saying much for a sermon over the remains of Joseph Addison Alexander. At its conclusion, the Rev. Dr. Potts, of New York, offered prayer, after which the procession moved to the cemetery, where the lamented dust was laid beside that of his honoured father, mother, and brother. The Rev. Dr. McDonald offered a prayer at

the grave, and the Rev. Dr. Murray of Elizabeth pronounced the benediction.

But few knew Professor Alexander at the fireside; for from early boyhood he was a recluse from promiscuous society. When a lad, he preferred to stretch himself on a carpet with his book, while his school-fellows were busy with the top and the kite. This modest shyness rather grew than diminished. Locking himself up thus early in life from the outer world, he seldom entrusted the key to any but cherished friends, and to them on not every occasion. To the churches of America, he was chiefly known as the profound Hebraist, and the erudite Commentator. To thousands who have heard this lamented and extraordinary man in the pulpit, it need scarcely be said that his efforts as a preacher were of the highest order. Those who listened to him merely as he occasionally appeared in some vacant pulpit, can have but a very imperfect idea of his power in proclaiming the unsearch-

able riches of Christ. It was whilst supplying the Tenth Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, in the years 1847–8, during the absence of its pastor, the Rev. Dr. Boardman, in Europe, that the public were afforded a proper opportunity for appreciating him. Here he drew crowds, filling not only the church, but the vestibule with the most intelligent class of hearers, who were accustomed to drink in with delight the rapidly flowing current of scriptural instruction and devout piety which fell from his lips. It was during that season that he delivered nearly all his most celebrated and powerful discourses. Among them were his sermons on "The Faithful Saying," "Lot's Wife," "The Broken and Contrite Heart," and "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." He made no pretension to the graces of oratory; indeed, he seemed almost improperly to spurn these as akin to pulpit trickery and clap-trap. But the richness of thought and illustration, the glowing imagination,

the simplicity, and yet felicity of diction; his unassuming air, his humility and sincerity, gave him great attractiveness and power with his hearers. All felt that they were sitting at the feet of a great man in Israel, and yet at the feet of one who was himself sitting at the feet of Jesus.

And now that voice which so melted into the hearts of dying men, and which rose so lovingly into the ear of God, has been stilled for ever on earth! Every minister's study in the land might well be hung in mourning. They have lost a precious, large-souled benefactor. He enriched their flocks by enriching them, even as his Master had wonderfully enriched him. Who will complete his affluent and suggestive Commentaries, now that he has passed from the studies of earth into the clearer light and loftier knowledge of the heavenly world?

THE END.

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